

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 353.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S SKATING PARTY.

"By special desire, Poor Papa entertained a select company on the ice the other day. By leaving the tap in the garden at Mildew Court running overnight, a surface, more or less, like ice was obtained. The chief drawback, however, was that it wasn't quite big enough to enable Pa to give his marvellous imitations of Smart, the Champion, with anything like ease and comfort. Jubilee looked after the hot chestnuts, while Alexandry was extremely polite to the ladies. Mamma says there's one advantage this way—you may be bumped, but you can't be drowned. No bones were broken."—TOOTSIE.

OUR TREACHEROUS CLIMATE.



1. Adolphus is a swell—a broken swell, that is to say, a swell without a penny in his pocket, don't you know. But he had an overcoat—oh, such a lovely coat! And the day was warm—very warm.



2. And would you believe it! just at the moment Adolphus was thinking it so hot, he hove in sight of a "leaving" shop. To take off his coat and hand it over to the care of Nunkey was the work of a moment.



3. But suddenly one of those changes for which our charming climate is noted occurred. The sun disappeared, the snow poured down, and the cold was intense. What became of Adolphus no one knows—he has disappeared.

A PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

YES, he was a Primitive Methodist and a staunch teetotaler, was nineteen years of age, and had, at the time of his trial, on June 29th, 1840, at least six wives living, though he was suspected of having many more.

When the prisoner was placed at the bar to take his trial, the court was crammed, and all eyes were fixed upon this much marrying man. But, "instead of a handsome, seductive gallant, there stood a shabby looking individual, with a face not merely ordinary, but repulsive." He was evidently much amused by the sensation his appearance created, and joined in the general smile.

It appeared that this hopeful young scoundrel, Robert Taylor by name, making the acquaintance of one Fryer, a Methodist preacher, promised a reward of ten pounds if he would procure him a young and religious wife. The preacher immediately remembered that his own wife had two unmarried sisters, and the youngest, aged eighteen, Taylor chose. The marriage took place, but the preacher never got his ten pounds. On the contrary, he weakly lent Taylor twelve, which were not returned. In none of his little matrimonial transactions, indeed, did Taylor appear to have "parted," and among the many extraordinary memoranda found in the prisoner's possession, was an agreement between him and one Mary Wilson to marry in three months, from October 16th, 1839, Taylor to forfeit £20,000 if he married any other woman, and Mary to forfeit one-third per annum

of her yearly salary if she proved faithless. Annexed to this was a memorandum of a loan of £4 from Mary's father, with an engagement on the part of Taylor to pay £1 per annum interest.

But this extraordinary document was not the most extraordinary. The connubial Taylor carried with him, in a tin case, an imposing piece of parchment, which purported to be the will of Lord Kennedy, of Ashby Hall, Leicestershire, making Robert Taylor the heir to £1,015,000 Three per Cent. Consols, besides immense wealth in coal mines, salt factories, woollen factories, quarries, machinery, houses, plate, jewellery and even ships. And this was the magic power he possessed over the susceptible sex and their affectionate parents and guardians.

Two cases only were gone into. In that of Mary Wilson, the courtship, marriage and preliminaries—that is to say, the borrowing of the four pounds, occupied almost four days, and eighteen days later he deserted her, she hearing no more of him until he was in custody. The prisoner, cross-examining this witness, asked whether he had not proposed putting up the banns, and whether she had not said she would rather be married off-hand. "No!" she replied. "Oh, yes, Mary, you did," said Taylor. "I consented to take you immediately if the money was raised, and you raised it." In the other case, that of the good preacher's sister-in-law, the preacher introduced him one day as a pious young man, and next morning the girl and he were married by licence.

In his defence, Taylor urged that he was under age, and that all his marriages were illegal, that all the young ladies he went near wanted to have him, and that he was inveigled into wedlock, and his conclusion seemed to be that, having contracted one illegal marriage, he was perfectly justified in contracting a hundred. His mother, in the witness-box, stated that her son was not of age, but refused to give the name of his illustrious father, a secret which she had kept for nineteen years.

The jury, finding the prisoner guilty, he was sentenced to imprisonment for two years and a half, with hard labour. "When I come out again," he asked the judge, "will any of my wives have a claim upon me?" But the Court refused to answer the question, and refused, also, to return his "dockments."

"If all the wives," said Alexandry, "was a waiting for that pore young man when he did come out, he had a warmish time."
(Next week, "A Big Drink.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

ART CRITIC (Swansea).—You are mistaken, and if you will kindly refer to past announcements you will see the Pictures have often been given to Private Individuals in different parts of the country.

MAY.—Not so, dear girl. There are few men in the world with superior intellects to A. SLOPER.—ANXIOUS.—Try a fire escape; it will undoubtedly meet your requirements. Write us again and report progress. Beware of the dog.—TOM.—Splendid idea! And you originated it, too, eh? Well, you must be an old fogey. You would, no doubt, be able to give us an interesting account of the Flood.—PAUL PRY.—Even if you are in the neighbourhood of Shoe Lane, you had better not cross the threshold of "The Sloperies." In anticipation of a visit from you, the Staff have been armed with blunderbusses and pickaxes, so beware.—HAPPY JACK.—Do as you please; we are entirely indifferent; but, to colour a nose perfectly, requires a vast amount of labour.—SPITEFUL.—Show a more contented spirit next time you write. Hard words kill no one, so we are still alive.—ANXIOUS.—No; we do not keep wives in stock, but we dare say we can secure you one if you will send us an advertisement.—JOCK.—You're a regular spitfire. If you have a sweetheart you evidently keep her alive. How can we possibly give 500 Watches away a week?—M. M. P.—Thanks for your kind and courteous letter. We wish you every success in your attempt to obtain a Watch; you deserve one. We cannot say the same of everyone.—RUTH.—Please spare our blushes; we shall get conceited if you continue your flattery.—TRAVELLER.—Good-bye. Hope you will return to these shores richer than you depart. When you reach Australia, we shall be delighted to hear from you.—JUNO.—Yes, they are peppery. We'll back some of our correspondents to give the most fiery volcano in existence one mile in five and win in a common hack canter.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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WHY IS ALLY'S NOSE LIKE THE NORE LIGHT?

Please write on Post-Cards only, and address—

THE MAN AT THE NORE,

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1891.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THE other evening a little comedy was overheard behind the scenes at the Friv. Algernon Potts, who is awfully romantic, was talking to Maude Maltravers, who is intensely practical. "Oh, Maude!" exclaimed the young gentleman, "I am expiring of love for you." "Go on, Halcy," replied the fair girl, "don't be so silly." "If this is not love," cried Potts, tearing at his heart, "tell me what it is?" "Praps it's fleas!" answered Maude, and then she had to go on, and the conversation came to an abrupt conclusion.

"DID you go on the ice when you were very young?" "I should think so, just. Why, I remember quite well; I was so small that my grandmother—kind old soul!—went without her false teeth, so as she could stick 'em on my feet for skates, and—"

SCENE at the Frivolity. "Is the place on fire, or has the roof come in? It sounds like a hundred tons of Wallsend being rolled into a wooden floored cellar. And who's that using such awful language?" "Bless your sweet innocence, it's only the extra ladies practising of the new tableau, and the manager's just a-swearing at them a bit to set them a-going."

"CORL yourself a lady?" shouted an enraged charwoman, who had had more than one little drop for the spasms. "Why, you ain't nothin' like it! Look at yer two gals in there," pointing to the room where the daughters were practising a duet; "you're that mean that you make them two play on the same piany."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 353.—The "British Empire" Costume.



"Which it's the spavins as obliges me to take brandy, or I wouldn't touch a drop of it, young man."



The above represents a special artist taking his walks abroad after a little difference of opinion with some Mexican friends.



A SIGN OF MOURNING.
Mother. Alice, how dare you play the piano a minute after we have heard of your poor aunt's death.
Alice. All right, ma, I'm only playing on the black notes; and black's a sign of mourning, you know.



AT A COUNTRY FAIR.
Professor Mawkins, of Whitechapel, London, astonishes the rustics by a display of his extraordinary talents.



A BROKEN HEART. A CASE OF HOPELESS LOVE.

"OH, how dreadful!" cried the Dook Snook, as he sank helplessly into a chair in the green-room at the Friv. "What is it? What's the matter?" asked the girls who were waiting to go on. "Oh, that poor fellow, Toots—you know, Toots plays the flute in the orchestra—" "Yes, yes! what has he done? What is it?" "Why, he has split his windpipe." "Oh, how awful!—dreadful! Poor fellow!" And everybody was pitying the unfortunate man, when in he walked with his flute split from one joint to the other. And didn't the Dook catch it! *

OUT of the window looked my love,
Out of the window looked at me;
She kissed and she waved her little glove.
Sweet is my love, so sweet is she!

Yes, from the window sang my pet,
Solemn the sound, like an angel's charge.
What was the strain that I can't forget?
I know. 'Twas "All very fine and large."

"DOESN'T it seem cruel, dear, to kill the poor birds to trim our hats with?" said Grace. "I was reading that somewhere or other nearly all of some sort of little bird have been killed, isn't it awful?" "Oh, how utterly barbarous!" exclaimed Maude. "What pitiless wretches the men must be to slaughter the poor dear things! Why don't they pull their feathers out without killing them?" *

SCENE—A Civic Feast.

Alderman Glutton (to our friend Hardup, who has been in training for the last three months). I hope you'll excuse me, sir; but I see you are a stranger. Allow me to inform you that we are not nearly through dinner yet; and it does seem such a pity to throw away that lovely appetite upon plain roast beef.

WHAT is an exchange with a difference? Why, when you see advertised, "A lady of position, who has just left the music hall stage, would be very glad to exchange six pairs of theatrical long hose of all shades, three boxes of make-up, a unique collection of champagne corks and an auburn wig for a semi-grand piano, a new sealskin jacket and a patent rabbit hutch."

"Do they whack you very hard at your school, Johnny?" "I should think so, just. Why the floor's so covered with birch twigs you might take the blooming place for a wholesale tree warehouse."

Overheard in semi-darkness on L., B. and S. C. Railway.
First Passenger. I understand that the Company are thinking of trying another kind of light.
Second Passenger. Are they, indeed? Well, the light is trying enough both for eyes and temper.

"I WONDER whose place it is to give the toasts after dinner," remarked Mr. Nouveau Riche, who is going to give his first big dinner. "Why, the waiters, my dear, of course," said his wife. "They hands everything, don't they?" *

WILLIAM is once more in funds. He has drawn his dividends.

When William drew his dividends,
It's awful what the oof he spends;
See him Strandswards festive go
To the famous Florio;
See him bolt them blessed ports
In the bar of famous Short's.

Then at the "Horse Shoe" spot the bloke
Wolfing his drink—as paupers do their parish provided toke.

"I MENTAINS, Mr. Chairman," said Councillor Priggins, "as how it ain't right for Mr. Councillor Wiggins not to be present at this meetin', and I says as how he ought to be ashamed of hisself!" "And I rises, Mr. Chairman, to say as how I think it's too bad of Mr. Councillor Priggins speakin' like that of a feller counseler when he ain't 'ere," said Councillor Fliggins. "If he wants to blame him for bein' away, he should do so when he's present."

[Uproarious applause.]

"THAT was a very foine leg of mutton ye sint me on Saturday," observed a customer; "have ye got in more of the same kind?" "Yes, sir," replied the butcher. "Those three hanging there are of the same quality." "Are they all off the same sheep?" "Yes, sir," answered the butcher, conscientiously. "Then ye may sind me that middle one, bedad!" *

Tottie Goodenough. I declare I was upon thorns the whole time. The Dook Snook. And you were in your proper place, my dear. Tottie. What do you mean, Dook?

The Dook. Why, surely the proper place for a rose like yourself is upon a thorn.

"PLEASE, Mister Chemist, give us a ha'porth o' face powder, a pen'north o' lip salve, a sedlitz powder, and just a thimbleful o' peppermints, they're a-goin' out to a Christmas party. Father was on the hop last night, and sister Anne swears as she will have a go at kiss-in-the-ring if she busts ev'ry button off her frock. Oh, yes! they're a-going into society proper, I can tell yer!" *

IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery. What a delightful sight it is, then, to see them blessed little twins, each with a small gallipot in hand, leaning with one elbow on a kitchen chair, and each with a short clay between its lips. They call this "Pa and McGooseley going out to meet a man on business." Little dears! and yet they've never seen the bar of the "Blue Piggeries."

WHEN pretty maids you chance to meet—
The very best and nicest sort—
You ask, "What will you take, my sweet?"
"A seedy cake and glass of port."

When matron stern beside you goes,
When wrinkles her low forehead notch,
She never blushes like the rose,
But cheerful takes her three of Scotch.

AN Irish contemporary, alluding to the state of famine in which the peasants in the west of Ireland are plunged, observes, "They have abo'ly nothing to eat at all, not a potato or scrap of bread, even; and all that they are existing on is the recollections of meals which they have eaten in former days."

"WHEN a man's courting, isn't it wonderful what tomfool's things he'll do. Why, when I used to come to see you I used to put on boots, to make my feet look small, that nearly crippled me. I don't care much about boots now." "Now, John, dear," answered Arabella, the darling little wifey-pifey as ever was, "I should have thought you thought rather more of your boots than most people—at anyrate, you're partial enough to going to bed in 'em."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture to be given to one of the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," is an oil painting by FRED ROE, measuring 44 in. x 34 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

"A SCENE DURING THE GORDON RIOTS."

Make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with your Name and Address, any time before March 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * This Picture is on View every day between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., except Saturdays, when the hours are 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

TOOTSIE AND "ALI BABA."
(N.B.—NO RELATION TO ALLY PAPA.)

ONCE upon a time, at the Shoreditch end of Persia, there were forty thieves; there would have been forty-one, but the one got saved and joined General Booth, and studied balance sheeting. The others used to live up lamp-posts, for purposes of concealment, and had a cave round a corner with a patent lock to it, which opened when anyone was sober enough to say anything near the mark—"O-hic-up seasi mish!" And inside that cave they kept vast wealth, such as diamonds and rubies, goods made in Germany, Switzerland,



Ganem: MISS EMILY LYNDAL. Morgiana: MISS ALICE LEAMAR.

France and elsewhere, and unsold back numbers of Poor Pa's paper. And down Shoreditch way, at the same time, lived two brothers, Cassim and Ali Baba, and the latter was a poor, but honest timber merchant (twenty-six bundles for a shilling), and sole agent for the Shortweight Stonies (cash on robbery), who had hardly ever been summoned and fined. One day, when Ali was stealing wood up a lane, he saw the robbers come to their cave with treasure, heard the password and took a note of it on his cuff. When they were gone he loaded the donkey cart. As it would have been too tiresome a task to count the gold, and as all his own measures had false bottoms, he sent to borrow a measure from his brother Cassim. Mrs. C., curious to know what was on, rubbed the bottom of the measure with suet, to which Ali, sick of measuring, left sticking a broad piece, worth say, three or four pounds, without noticing it. Cassim surprised, looked up brother Ali, and, finding the secret out, tried on the Sesame fake himself. But when he had loaded his carpet bag and coat tail pockets, the return password unfortunately slipped his memory, and the robbers returning, cut Cassim up into four quarters, and having pickled them, hung them up to dry. Ali coming back, found the quarters, and got a cobbler to sew them together again, and having seen them buried in a decent way, married the widow.



Cassim: MR. LLOYD TOWNROW. The Fat Boy.

These proceedings rather putting out the Captain of the Forty, he, after much trouble, discovered Ali's whereabouts, scraped an acquaintance with him, and called one evening at his house with thirty-eight jars, one full of oil, and the others full of robbers. This handy luggage being stored in the back yard, the Captain supped with his friend and retired to rest, promising to give a signal to his men, when the murder and plunder were to begin. Meanwhile, however, Morgiana, Ali's maid-of-all-work, being short of oil, thought she would help herself out of one of the Captain's jars (twas an honest family), and in doing so, found the would-be assassins all groaning from cramp. To boil the oil in the last jar and pour it over the potted robbers was but the work of a moment—or less. The stabbing to death of the Captain followed as rapidly, and the disposal of the thirty-eight cold corpses took no time.



Cassim: MR. H. LORREANO. Ali Baba: MR. CHARLES CARTE.

Something after this fashion, with a difference, A. Melville and M. Byam have treated the story at the Standard. Alice Leamar, as Morgiana, is the heart and soul of the piece, and Charles Carte, Lloyd Townrow, Harry Lorreano, and Emily Lyndale get screams out of their parts of Ali, Cogia, Ganem, and Mr. and Mrs. Cassim. G. Robertson, as the "moke," is uncommonly good. Edith and Beatrice Marchant are charming mashers, and Cissy Burton a dashing captain; whilst the rank and file of the Forty makes a brilliant show. The little Sisters Cousins do a clever transformation dance, and there is, besides, no end of good dancing and singing contributed by other members of the company. The harlequinade, too, is well worth seeing, and rattled through very smartly. There are no fees, the programme costs a penny, and the book of the words (including a portrait of A. Melville, in an eyeglass), twopenny only. Take my advice, dears, and go and see the Standard pantomime.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—
THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," January 31st, 1891.

Name.....
Address.....
Age..... Occupation, if any.....
How many times applied.....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The List for this week will close on Tuesday evening next, February 3rd. The List for January 24th will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for February 1th.

234th WEEK. LIST FOR JANUARY 17th.

"Sloper" Watches have been given to the following:—

1. SUSAN COOK, 15 Golden Square. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
2. FREDERICK THOMAS COX, Piano String Maker, 91 Aldenham Street, St. Pancras. Age, 55 years. Subscriber—6 years constant. LONDON.
3. GEORGE S. GRAHAM, Musician, 52 Cheriton Square, Upper Tooting. Age, 55 years. Subscriber—since start. LONDON.
4. THOMAS HAMMOND, Caulker, 11 Cameron Street. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since December, 1885. BARROW-IN-FURNESS.
5. MARTHA POLLARD, Housemaid, 30 Bedford Place, Old Dover Road. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—5 years, 33 weeks. BLACKHEATH.
6. ALFRED DAVIES, Tailor, Horse Fair. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—5 years. BISHOP'S CASTLE.
7. EDWARD POULTER, Coachman, Howell Grange. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—4 years, 50 weeks. BROMSGROVE.
8. ARTHUR HERBERT CORD, Errand Boy, 48 Crouch Street. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—5 years, 36 weeks. COLCHESTER.
9. ALAN TIPPER, Cabinet Maker, 52 Wandie Road. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—34 years. CROYDON.
10. MISS CHAPLIN, Rickingham. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—24 years. DISS.
11. H. BARKER, Fireman, G. N. R., 5 East Street. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since February, 1885. DONCASTER.
12. WILLIAM AUSTIN, Boat Builder, 49 Faversham Street. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—5 years, 8 months. MIDDLESBOROUGH.
13. DANIEL MILLS, Engineer, 21 Essex Place. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—5 years, 39 weeks. NEWHAVEN.
14. CHARLES SADEN, Clerk, N. E. R., Railway Station. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. NUNTHORPE (R. & O.).
15. ROBERT KERR, Fitter, 14 Thread Street. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—5 years, 42 weeks. PAISLEY.
16. EDWIN HANCOCK, China Dealer, 258 Commercial Road. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—4 years, 43 weeks. PORTSMOUTH.
17. EDWARD MARSHALL, Cowboy, West Hill Farm. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—4 years, 43 weeks. TITCHFIELD.
18. JOSEPH LLOYD, Labourer, 100 Coleman Street. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—since January, 1886. WOLVERHAMPTON.
19. WALTER HIDE, Gardener, Goring. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—43 weeks. Near WORTHING.
20. FRANK ELLIS, Clerk, 21 Lowther Street. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since March, 1885. YORK.

GIRLS TO GET ON WITH.

No. 5.—THE GIRL AT THE TOBACCONIST'S.

GIVE me now my pen (a Perry),
And my ink (a penny pot!) ;
I would write me matter merry
While the inspiration's hot.
Let me have the best of paper,
Not this mouldy stuff, my lad!
Hang it, boy! this pen's a scraper!
Come, let's have the blotting-pad.
That's the ticket—now I'm settled!—
Now, we'll see the rhyming run!
(Fate forbid I'm further nettled
Or I'll never get it done).

Girls I've written on in plenty—
Not alone at SLOPER'S will—
Girls from thirty down to twenty,
And to ages younger still;
Girls of every name and nation,
Girls from Germany and Gaul,
Girls of splendid education,
Girls, likewise, of none at all.
Girls of every shape and measure,
Taking every size of glove—
Taking every view of pleasure,
Playing every game of love!—
Girls whose wrists with bracelets clankle,
Girls whose wrists of these are free;
Girls with dresses to the ankle,
Girls with dresses to the knee.
Girls of dark and fair complexions,
Girls who paint and girls who don't,
Girls with poor and swell connections,
Girls who'll meet you there, and won't.
(Blow the latter!) ; girls you meet on
Tramcar, omnibus and drag;
But the girl I'm mostly sweet on
Serves my pennyworth of shag!
—DON JUAN, JUN.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

"Hi'm hawful sorry, Mr. Spiffins," said Mrs. Buggins, wife of the "gentleman" who made half a million over an army contract to supply horses or beef or something of that sort, "that Hi couldn't see yer larst night when yer called, but Hi was that tired Hi'd jest gone to lie down." "I presume, then, Mrs. Buggins, that you were in the arms of Morpheus?" said Mr. Spiffins, with a simper. "Wot d'yer mean, yer hinsultin' little puppy?" exclaimed Mrs. Buggins, as red as boiled beetroot. "Hi'll let yer know that Hi'm a respectable married woman, and nobody can't say a word agin my virtue. You'd better git outer this quick sharp, 'cos when Hi tells Buggins wot you've insinuated, he'll break ev'ry bone in your body!"

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send this announcement, inclosed with a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—
"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"
"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Owing to the enormous number of letters received, answers cannot be guaranteed within a month, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HIM.

HUMANITY is stuffed with inclinations. Male Humanity especially, and by no means the least conspicuous among this stuff, is the inclination to follow Female Humanity about, and see where it lives. Maybe, the above has no little to do with the fact that Major Fitz-Follerum, of the Black Guards, very seldom went out for a few minutes' stroll without being absent from barracks, or wheresoever he might happen to start from, for a few hours.



His walks abroad.

For a soldier, Major Fitz-Follerum was singularly fastidious in the matter of indulging the inclination we have mentioned. For instance, in his walks abroad, he never used to trouble himself the least bit concerning the residential locality, or household geography, of a lady who might appear to be over sixty; but he always acted in a reverse spirit when his wicked old eye fell upon the form, and travelled over the figure, of a lady who might appear to be under twenty-one, according to what and how she wore.

Now, the Major's brother officers, though by several degrees removed from the inability to do an occasional bit of flirting themselves, were a grade above speaking to, at the risk of annoying the majority of girls they met in the street. They were soldiers, but they drew the line somewhere; and Fitz-Follerum's behaviour was often the subject of general indignation among them. They had remonstrated with the Major, on off duty occasions, until they were sick; and it only remained now, since the "nasty old cad" had turned a deaf ear and winked a roguish eye to their expostulations, to, "show him a lesson," and a something (beginning with a d) stiff one, too.



The lady's reply.

The opportunity for carrying out their educationally disposed intentions came when they found themselves stationed at Liverham.

"Look here, Major," said a young officer, one evening, to the mediæval (accent on the æval) military masher of many maidens, "do you want to know a nice girl?" (This in an entre nous manner.) Fitz-Follerum winked vigorously in the affirmative. "Very well, then, come outside with me."

This conversation took place after a supper at the "Grand Hotel"; and so, answering to the invitation, "Come outside with me," meant leaving the room and stepping into the principal street of Liverham.

"She'll be passing by about this time," said the young officer, looking at his watch.

Scarcely had the Major screwed his glass further into his eye, given a twist to his horizontally waxed moustache, and shot his cuffs three inches below his coat-sleeves, when up "she" came.

"She" was very pretty and very well built. To use the Major's own expression, "she" was a "ripper."

And so, when "she" had gone by, he followed in "she's" footsteps, intending to speak to her when she should happen to turn down a little frequented street.

Now was his chance: she had turned down one. He quickened his pace; she slackened hers.

He reached her side and spoke to her. She replied as in our second picture here, for she was the "strong woman" they were billing at the Liverham Theatre of Varieties, and the Major's friends had put her up to the Major's little game, and offered her a fiver if she cured him.

She got her fiver.

P.S.—We have just read the following in a society paper:—

"The popular Major Fitz-Follerum, of the Black Guards, is the latest victim of this severe weather. He is confined to his bed with a serious bronchial attack, from which, says his doctor, it is not possible that he may recover for some weeks to come."



A serious bronchial attack.



YE DAYS OF OLD.
"Gramercy, my master, it will be a mighty wrench!"



Gent. Is that black hair and those white teeth yours, my pretty maid?
"Is that white hair and those black teeth yours, sir?" she said.



"I am sorry this unfortunate accident has occurred, Sniffkins."
"Accident! not a bit of it. I told you my riding would create a sensation, and so it has, I think."



"I'm weary of the world, dear. While playing at a party, last night, I overheard one male thing say to another that I should 'make a capital wife, so handy-to-send-a-fellow-to-sleep, don't yer know. I hate men!'"—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS



NO. 167.—MINNIE LONGFORD.

"Should she look sad my heart is lead; a smile, 'tis full of joy."
—The Duck Snook.
"True type of English loveliness."
—Lord Bob.
"An angel from the skies she sure must be."
—The Hon. Billy.



(1). As at the back of Drury Lane stage A. SLOPER meandered, he softly sang, "The Campbells are coming, oh, dear!" "Oh, for I good gracious! No, no; I cannot have them!" But it was only one of those Leopold chaps. "You ought to have more consideration," said A. SLOPER. (2). Then espying in the dim distance the form of a splendid woman, "Madam," he cried, hastening to her, hat in hand, "can you kindly tell me where I can find Mr. Campbell?" "I am the King of Sp—, I mean, he!" "And I," cried the astonished Eminent, "am blown if I knew you, Bertie!" "The tricks of the trade, ALLY; but come to my dressing room." (3). After drinks were produced, "I was," began Mr. Campbell, "born with a caul." "A success from his birth," murmured The Fossil. "Exactly, when you come to think of it; but to proceed. From my babyhood, I longed to fill the chair at a hall. My parents, though, would not hear of it, and suggested the navy, but fearing to be jolly well drowned at sea, and getting a big boy now—" (4). "Bertie," cried the F.O.M. "I remember you then!" "I rose," proceeded Mr. C., ignoring the interruption, "one morning, when the Tart—I mean, the day was young, and stole out with nothing but the hammer poor Sal broke the coke with, as my stock-in-trade, remarking, 'I'll never go home any more!' but being observed by two policemen, 'You can tell where he's been,' said one. 'Burglary!' said the other. 'It's six months' hard, at least!' and the next moment their knuckles were at my throat. 'Father, dear father, the brokers are in!' cried I, in my fright. But, ALLY, you are not getting on! Drink up, it's a pity to waste it!" (5). Evidently A. SLOPER thought so, too, for when Messrs. Campbell and Nicholls got him clear of Bow Street into a cab, "What a blessing!" sighed the former. "Quite so," rejoined the latter, "I am afraid this constant interviewing will shatter the Old Man's constitution."

ANOTHER BROKEN SABBATH!



(1). "Tak' that!" roared the laird, as he gave McNab a sockdolager with a snowball.

(2). "Cum back, ye yelpin' heethins; this is no day for enjoyment!" shouted the Meenister.

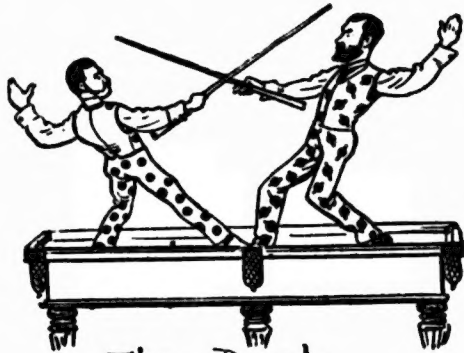
(3). When the sun was low, a muffled voice came from the depths, saying, "Ah thrav on the sponge, Elder; we right lnp' off!"



Across the Serpentine.



Hob-Coffee.



The Duel.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Smack your lips, and put on your most pleasant expression, ladies and gentlemen, for the incidents depicted above have only been ferreted out, condensed and artistically touched up by extraordinary efforts on the part of your ever 'umble servant! On we go, please—The frost was sharp, the ice was thick, So cross the lake he dashes quick:—There's coffee for the merry cop, If in the station he will stop:—All billiard pros, are silent when Confronted by these two great men:—Some boys at

buccaneering play, And navigating powers display:—Our legislators meet again, And show their voices they retain:—Depicted just above, you'll see, A famous price obtained for tea.—Some "sandwiches" appear before The beak, who does their plight deplore. Of course, you have all read of "The Pirates of the Wandle" and their deeds of daring, and smiled at the frantic efforts on the part of the police to capture the desperadoes. They are brave men.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



Open! Sessione!!



£ 5.10 per lb.



A-Trespasser.

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT.



A VAIN REGRET.

"Who-a, there! confound it, will yer whoa, or won't yer whoa? Oh, would I had a bunch of carrots to wave behind him, then, perhaps, he'd turn round!"



Master. The last bottle! Why, there ought to be seven more at least. Explain yourself. You can't put it down to the cat this time; we haven't such an animal.
New Butler. That's just the worry reason. It's the rats, guv'nor; it's the rats.



"Hullo, old man! cleaning the road up? Well, it was wanted."



A FRAGMENT.—"Dolly turned suddenly, as, with darkened brow, the earl strode towards the door."



THE THIRSTY TEETOTALER.
After a night's dissipation.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

KOCH SURE!

It is not generally known that A. SLOPER, in his younger days, devoted a lot of his spare time to the study of medicine, such, however is the case. The budding Abernethy made senna and prunes his speciality. The bankruptcy of his father, however, compelled him to give up his experiments in that direction, and he turned his attention to light literature instead. No wonder, then, that the Eminent looks favourably upon Dr. Koch's remedy: at the same time, he himself possesses a

lymph that will cure not only tuberculosis, but every disease under the sun. The following is the prescription:—To enable you to compete for his £1,000 Prize, you must show SLOPER that you have bought his paper for six months. Therefore, commencing with "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" for January 3rd, 1891, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until June 27th, 1891, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then add two lines to complete the following Nursery Rhyme:—

There was an old Fossil named SLOPER,

He fell down the stairs,

That unfortunate, fruity, old SLOPER!

The dotted lines have to be filled in, and the first and second, and third and fourth lines must rhyme. Write the Rhyme out on a piece of paper, with your name and address at the top, and post it, with the twenty-six cuttings, as soon after June 27th as you can, to "SLOPER'S £1,000 Competition." Don't post the Rhyme or any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing January 3rd, 1891 and ending June 27th, 1891. To the writer of the best Rhyme will be awarded £1,000. A. SLOPER, ever thoughtful, keeps Back Numbers in stock.

OWING to the furious and shameful rate at which the beaver is being killed off we may expect, before long, to hear the gentler sex complaining at the price asked for fur obtained from that animal. In a few years' time, according to the opinion of furriers, the skin of the beaver will be more scarce than that of the seal, and as seal skin is rapidly declining in quality and quantity, the fur of the former animal will, before many years have past, undoubtedly be entirely extinct. What will take the place of furs in the eyes of loveliness it is difficult to say, but no doubt they will find something upon which their Jo'nnies, their Charlies and their Berties can expend their quarter's allowance.

ON Saturday evening, January 17th, A. SLOPER, accompanied by Alexandry, who, we are pleased to say, is following in his father's footsteps—he invariably wears the Old Man's boots—weighed in at the "Horns," Kennington, where a Smoking Concert was given in aid of the Printers' Almshouses, Wood Green. The Mildewed One comes a good deal in contact with paper and print, so, as Aunt Geeser said, when she raised him from the doormat on his return, he was quite in his element.

WILLIE EDOUIN has taken the bull by the horns, as the saying goes, and instead of looking black and grumpy at some freely expressed comments on certain dramatic critics, has made good use of the pruning knife, and the result is that *Private Inquiry*, as far as popularity is concerned, has a fair chance of rivalling that wonderful and extraordinarily successful comedy, *Our Flat*. No pen could adequately describe the witticisms and humorous effects with which the new play abounds, and to be appreciated it must be seen. Of course, it is needless to say that Willie Edouin acts excellently, and he is well backed up by a capital company.



abounds, and to be appreciated it must be seen. Of course, it is needless to say that Willie Edouin acts excellently, and he is well backed up by a capital company.

SLOPER'S
£1,000
CURE

A PROFESSIONAL letter writer advertises in a New York paper, wanting to buy love letters for which the authors or present owners have no further use, and which, while being extremely affectionate, are still so carefully expressed as not to give the slightest grounds for a good breach of promise suit following their use. In London there would, undoubtedly, be a large rush in reply to this advertisement, but Yankees are made of sterner material—at least, that is their own idea of themselves—and are not much given to love letter writing.

FRIDAY, January 16th, ought to have a monument erected to its memory in St. Paul's Kerfeedral, as Ginetta Margarine calls it, in consequence of the visit of the Tottering Edifice to George Sanger's Grand National Amphitheatre, in the Westminster Bridge Road, on the evening of that day. In the opinion of A. SLOPER, George's entertainment is splendid, the Circus is better than anything of the kind he has seen for years, and as to the Great Water Carnival—to carry out which 80,000 gallons of water floods the ring at each representation—well, it is simply immense. As a matter of fact, A. SLOPER does not believe much in water as a commodity, but he is bound to admit that these 80,000 gallons are made wonderful good use of.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" has been presented to Miss L. A. CLARK, Wood Street, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent, for the best four line verse on "Ally Sloper's Christmas Appeal."

Three cheers for Good Old ALLY, he's doing all he can, He's working hard and trying well to help his brother man, For those in want and sickness his ancient heart doth feel, So send your mite this very night to SLOPER'S Grand Appeal.

CONNOISSEURS should run in and see the masterly portrait, by Velasquez Turpentine, of SLOPER'S ancestor, Emin Stanley Barttelot Sloper, who was murdered by his mother-in-law in the time of Richard I., and which has been placed on the first floor landing of "The Sloperies." Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., F.O.S., says he had prepared himself for a surprise, but he hadn't made arrangements for an apoplectic fit.

SHOULD any evil consequences arise from the Behring Straits fisheries dispute between the two great English speaking nations, America and England, the former country will undoubtedly be held responsible, for the high-handed manner in which they have acted throughout the controversy has surprised both friends and enemies alike.

Of course, should the solving of the problem necessitate an appeal to arms, the consequences to both nations would be disastrous and ruinous to each other's interests; but the powers who are at present ruling America's destinies seem to be blind to the fact, and by the crass stupidity of their actions seem to be striving to involve their country in insurmountable difficulties. Salisbury, in England's interests, has acted throughout in a thorough statesmanlike and straightforward manner, and should be met in a like spirit by the Yankees.

IF ever A. SLOPER can afford to have note paper printed with his crest and motto upon it, that motto shall be Portia's heavenly words, The Quality of Mercy is not Strained. What rot a lot of people often talk about the necessity of inquiring into cases deserving of charity before they part with even a humble brown, and what an amount of good money is thrown away in such inquiries. Look at the Charity Organization Society! Acting on broad and Christian principles, why should a man, who is starving, be left to die, because he has erred at one time or other? Come on, kind friends, lend your ALLY a hand! We must get that "Christmas Appeal" up to £350. It will mean half a crown a-piece to 2,500 poor people.

A FEW days ago a policeman could have been seen crossing the threshold of "The Sloperies." Calmly he opens the door, and, with a look of stern determination, closes it after him. The hearts of the members of the SLOPER Staff are in their mouths. Is it a summons, or is it an arrest? They are not kept long in suspense. Advancing to the counter, with slow and measured tread, Robert produces from an inner pocket a large sealed envelope, thrusts it on the counter, and with a low, fiendish chuckle, slowly glides from the office. The Staff are by this time aghast, and tremulously clutch the massive in their grasp, and, with a spasmodic effort, open it. A summons, of course, but of a different kind to that expected: "The company of A. SLOPER and friend is requested at Cannon Street Hotel, on the 19th January, on the occasion of the City of London Police Festival." The Staff's faces then widened into a capacious grin, and the document was handed to The Eminent. A. SLOPER, in the company of Tottie Goodenough, of course accepted the invitation, and never remembers having spent a more pleasant and enjoyable evening. What with dancing with the whole force of females present (especially drawn up for his inspection), imbibing, etc., etc., it was not surprising that The Wreck was finally found calmly slumbering in the coal-cellar of the hotel, with a bottle of "Unsweetened" in his hand, a nobbly piece of Wallsend for a pillow, and a large coal sack for a blanket.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 7TH, 1891.

1st February, 1855.—O. Smith (properly R. J.) died this day, aged sixty-eight. He was called "O." after playing Ubi; or, Three Fingered Jack. His sepulchral voice was the result of sleeping in damp sheets. He played demons as well as villains, and once based an application to his manager for increase of salary on the fact that, owing to his being so constantly in dangerous positions, going up and down traps, etc., the life insurance companies would only accept him at a 'hazardous' premium.

2nd February, 1887.—The *Midland Advertiser*, of this date, contains a singular narrative. "A girl, named Louisa Benn, living with her mother at Wednesbury, some time ago expressed a desire to go to Australia. Her mother began to have strange visions. Repeatedly she imagined she saw a large rock jutting out from the ocean, and that upon this rock there was a large bird. Then she would see a ship, loaded with passengers, strike against the rock and sink. She fancied she could hear the shouts of the sailors and the shrieks of the women on board, and frequently, both at night and day, the strange hallucination occupied her mind. On the day before the ship sailed, she was in the kitchen, when a cry of 'Oh, mother!' seemed to come from the cellar. Mrs. Benn was so alarmed that she at once telegraphed for her daughter to come back. The girl was, at the time, on board ship, and at once decided to leave the ship and go home. Until the news of the loss of the vessel was conveyed to her, she regretted she had not remained on board."

3rd February, 1828.—This day it was reported, that, while a party of gentlemen were shooting in the woods of C. J. Brandling, Esq., of Middleton, near Leeds, they had the misfortune to lose one of their dogs, a favourite springer, which fell into an old pit that had been partly filled up. In order to rescue the poor creature, a person descended the pit, twenty yards deep, when to his great surprise, he discovered the skeleton of a man, the bones of which were quite sound, the teeth perfect and the hair fresh. The clothes were all decayed, with the exception of one pocket, which was found to contain thirteen shillings. It is supposed, from this circumstance, that the unfortunate man had been a poacher, and that while in the pursuit of game, he had fallen into the pit.

4th February, 1555.—The first martyr in the reign of "Bloody Mary," Rogers, a Protestant divine, was this day burnt in Smithfield.

5th February, 1814.—The following is a copy of a notice printed this day on the Thames, during the great frost:— "Whereas you, J. FROST, have, by force and Violence, taken possession of the RIVER THAMES, I hereby give you warning to Quit immediately. A. THAW."

6th February, 1685.—Charles II., who died this day, was met by the Duke of York shortly after the discovery of the Rye House plot, walking, unattended, in Hyde Park. The Duke expressed his surprise that His Majesty should risk his person at such a perilous time. "James," replied the King, "take you care of yourself, and I am safe. No man will kill me to make you King!"

7th February, 1828.—A poor man met with a severe accident on this day, by having one of his legs and part of the thigh ground off at a bone mill in the town of Nottingham.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

ONE of the best ghost stories we have heard this Christmas is about a young widow (she's a charming young widow, too), who went to stay at a country house down in Somersetshire. The house being very full of company, one of the girls had to turn out of her bedroom—the one room in the house that had the reputation of being "haunted"—in favour of the new-comer. But the widow didn't fear ghosts—lor, no! They might "haunt" till they were black in the face, for all she cared. One thing, she wouldn't be likely to hear or see much of them, for she was quite tired out when she went to bed. The night passed all right; but then, again, it's so very dark o' mornings now, that you don't know for certain when the night really has passed. The widow herself was trying to decide whether it was night or morning, when—hush!—she heard a footstep along the old creaking passage. Nearer, nearer it came. At last it stopped. There was positively a tap at the door. Then a voice, half-muffled, said—

"I want to come in to get my body."

Great beads of perspiration stood on the brave little woman's brow, but the mere thought of the spectre head entering settled her, and she swooned.

And then—well, then Mary Emma, the upper housemaid, who had been turned out of her room for the night, and left, in her hurry, a part of her wardrobe behind, came in and fetched the upper story of her dress out.

AN APPROPRIATE ENDING.

"YOU are doubtless aware, beloved brethren," remarked a certain preacher at the close of his sermon, "that for certain reasons, unnecessary now to mention, I have become unpopular with some members of this church. I only desire to say that I shall continue to do my duty in the future just precisely as I have done it in the past, serving not one millionth part of an inch to the right nor to the left, and without regard to the cavillings and bickerings of those erring—I might say pig-headed—those asininely, obstinately—mistaken brothers and sisters, whose twopenny-halfpenny zeal has outstripped what little judgment they are capable of. The congregation will now join me in singing that beautiful hymn:—"Nearer to Thee."

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

THEY had been to the Regent's Canal to see the skating, and they noticed a barge hemmed in with ice in one of the basins. "What a pretty name that boat has!" said Jahones, as he read the inscription on the prow, "The Florence Forrester." Samith, his friend, assented. "Suggests a fair young girl of sweet sixteen," said he, "with a wealth of blonde tresses, pouting lips, and shy maidenly eyes. A girl just budding from the delightful period."

"I wonder who she was!" interrupted Jahones.

"Let us ask," said Samith; and they did.

And a coarse-grained female, weighing some 16 stone, with a pimple on her nose, very red hair, cut short, dressed seemingly in nothing but an old plaid petticoat and a man's ragged mackintosh, with neither boots nor stockings, seemed quite to take their inquiry as a compliment, for, as she told them, she was Florence Forrester, and her old man had named the ole boat after her when first they was married, which was sixteen year—

But Samith and Jahones had broken the half mile records, and were speeding down the Harrow Road.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 8 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

A BIVALVULAR BALLAD.

[According to a recently published statement, "it is a mistake to suppose that oysters have no feeling." In proof that they have, it is stated that thousands of oysters at Colchester, etc., have lately been made weak and ill by the severe weather.]



Oh, ye who think
(good, easy
folk!)
That oysters
have no feel-
ing;
Who treat their
passions as a
joke;
Lo, here, what
Fact's reveal-
ing!
How that the cold,
cold oyster-
beds
In many an Essex
river,
Have driven these
bivalves off
their heads,
And set them all
a-shiver;
Yea, many an oys-
ter there en-
rolled
(Though
most ly
bold
In a warmer
fold)

Moans, sotto voce, "Ain't it cold?—
Jolly beastly, awfully cold!"
To see an oyster walk upstairs
Is (as we know) pathetic,
But when 'tis nipped by eager airs
It can't feel energetic.
Strange tales of oysters crossed in love,
Did SLOPER once deliver;
But how sad to read (as penned above)
Of oysters all a-shiver!
And so each bivalve, once so bold
Daily (we're told)
Cries, uncontrolled,
"Oh, jimini-cricky, isn't it cold?
Confoundedly and cruelly cold!"

NOT E'EN A SMILE.

"WHAT makes the world so bad is the people in it," said the Great One. Then Mrs. S. sighed softly, "Don't you think it's the 'Unsweetened' that has a little to do with it?" But ALLY smiled not at the harmless jape. There are times when his stateliness cannot be surpassed by the copper off night duty, who has found a watch, and when so filled with mutton pie that he is stiff it's difficult to make out whether he's himself, his staff, or the lamp-post at the corner of the street.

SLOPER'S PRESENTS.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what you are in want of, and post it to—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," January 31st, 1891.

Name.....

Address.....

Want.....

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

209th WEEK.

LIST FOR JANUARY 17th.

The following "Presents" have been made:—

1. Mrs. E. SEWELL, 26 Herne Hill Road, LONDON.

A CARVING-KNIFE AND FORK.

2. W. S. LOWE, 8 Lynchford Road, FARNBORO' (Hants.).

AN EIGHT DAY SHOP CLOCK.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Tootsie undertakes to forward, unopened and post-free, all letters received in reply to the advertisements. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LILLIE wishes to correspond with a young gentleman not over 21 or 22. Her own age is 18, rather dark, and of medium height. Please inclose photo. Address—"LILLIE," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

A YOUNG MAN, aged 28, dark, considered good-looking, height 5 ft. 7½ in., wishes to correspond with a young lady, aged 22 to 26, with a view to matrimony. Must be good-looking and thoroughly domesticated. Inclose photo, which will be returned. Address—"CLAUDIAN," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

MAUDE AND MAGGIE (Maude, aged 20, fair, medium height; Maggie, aged 19, tall, dark; both considered good-looking), wish to correspond with two young gentlemen with view to matrimony. Please write and send photos, which will be returned, to "MAUDE" and "MAGGIE," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

TOM, aged 22, would like to correspond with a young lady, aged about 20, with a view to matrimony. He is fairly good-looking and in good position. Please send photo, which will be returned in confidence. Address—"TOM," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

A MERRY-HEARTED GIRL, highly domesticated, and passably good-looking, good cook and economical housekeeper, would like to make the acquaintance of a kind-hearted gentleman about her own age (27). A police officer preferred, about 5 ft. 9 or 10 in. Please inclose photo, which shall be faithfully returned. Address—"K. M.," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.

STANLEY, aged 28, would like to correspond with a young lady with an early view to matrimony. Stanley is considered fairly good-looking, and would make a loving partner. Address, in confidence, "STANLEY," Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency.



ROSE (Aged 23).

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

14 CATHART HILL, DARTMOUTH PARK, N.,
January 12th, 1891.

DEAR SLOPER.—As President of the Recreation Room of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, I have very great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your most handsome presentation, in the shape of an oil painting, entitled, "Teufel the Terrier," for the decoration of the Recreation Room. A meeting of the committee will shortly be held, whereat a resolution on the subject will be passed and recorded on the minutes; but I may, in the meantime, express my cordial thanks, as well on my own behalf as on behalf of all the members of the regiment, for your generous contribution. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, R. PAYNE (Major, Q.W.V.).

29 ELDERS CRESCENT, SOUTH KENSINGTON,
January 14th, 1891.

DEAR ALLY SLOPER.—While walking through Regent Street, I met Miss Annie Oakley, the little lady shot who made such a sensation with the Buffalo Bill Company three years ago. Being an old friend she invited me to her hotel, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. On a stand I was surprised to find the "Sloper Award of Merit" which you sent her three years ago. "Yes," she said in answer to my question, if she had carried it with her everywhere. "That has been with me in America, England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany, and I always found some one who knew of ALLY SLOPER." After all this travelling, this Award of Merit, like yourself, looks well, and not much the worse for wear and travel. Yours, DON PEDRO.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 46.—HE FINDS THAT LIFE IS AFTER ALL WORTH LIVING.

"My woe admits of no relief."
Cried SLOPER, with a piteous whine.
"The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone—for ever mine!
I own a prepossessing face,
An angel's smile, a courtier's tone,
A form replete with lissom grace,
A peerless beauty all my own.
Yet one sad blemish—one defect
Destroys the glamour of my charms,
And makes a thousand maids reject
The shelter of my outstretched arms.
Against that dire defect with ag-
onizing tears I rail and rave:
The baldness of my head will drag
My grey, grey hairs into the grave!"

Just then, from Mildew's coal-vault drear,
Arose a hideous shriek of pain,
And SLOPER, with a nameless fear,
Proceeded to the dark domain.
There, writhing, weltering in his blood,
The luckless Alexandry lay.
Who from his calf, while chopping wood,
Had sliced a goodly steak away.
And did the Wreck, with pitying care,
Bind up the wound? Not he! Not he!
He danced a mad fandango there,
Then fled with wild, demoniac glee!

"Now, Heaven be praised! I've got relief
From my overwhelming woe at last.
The worm, the canker and the grief
Have from my heart for ever passed.
No more shall knives of ill-repute
Attention to my baldness draw,
Since, demme! I will prosecute,
With all the rigour of the law,
The libel-making loons, who dare
The brutal, base assertion put
In print, that SLOPER'S got no hair,
For SLOPER'S HEIR HAS JUST BEEN CUT!"

ALLY SLOPER'S
CHRISTMAS APPEAL
FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £297 4s. 2½d.

G. PRICE, 5s.; GLADIE, 6d.; "MELVILLE," 1s.; H. HICKSON, 2s. 6d.; BERT, GEORGE, ALICE and ALFRED, 2s. 6d.; W. TRAYNE, 4d.; "FROSTBITTEN COCKATOO," 2s. 6d.; EDITH WHYMANT, 2d.; W. H. P. and G. C., 4s. 6d.; C. F. STEVENSON, 3d.; "CHUMPY," 2s.; "LITTLE TICH," F. O. S., 10s. 6d.; GEORGE BALL, 1s.; N. E. FOX, 1s.; "NORTH HYDE," 3s.; A. R. T., 4s.; MINNIE and BERNARD, 6d.; L. R. CAMDEN, 1s.; NELLIE L'ESTRANGE, 5s.; A. BUTTERY, 1s.; SOUTHEY & CO.'S EMPLOYEES, 11s. 6d.; "TUBNEZ (?) LODGE," 2s. 6d.; N. E. DUNNE, 1d.; MRS. BERRY, 6d.; J. MUGGERIDGE, 1s.; F. J. M., 10s.; "POSTAL," 2s. 6d.; J. C. 1s. 6d.; "WIDOW'S MITE," 6d.; ESTHER, etc. (Wood Green), 6d.; E. PARKER, 2d.; ANNIE CHATFIELD, 3s.; J. W., 2s. 6d.; A. B. F., 3s. 6d.; "EMPLOYEES GUYER (Brixton), per A. O. H. 6s. 6d.; "FRIEND," 2s. 6d.; S. RIMINGTON, 4d.; "MOLL," 2s.; NELLIE and MABEL, 4s.; THOMAS GARDEN, 6d.; "WORSTER," 6d.; E. E. ELSTONE, 1s.; J. R. and WIFE, 1s.; WILLIAM SIMS, 1s. 6d.; H. THOMPSON, 6d.; GEORGE CRIGTON, 4s.; "KING COAL," 2s. 6d.; "POOR MAN," 1s.; HERBERT GOADY, 1s.; "NOT MUCH," 2d.; J. E. W., 1s.; C. C. COOPER, 2s.
Making a total received up to January 20th, 1891—£308 17s. 5½d.

THE INFIDEL'S CHILD.

"You've always taught me, father, dear,
Exclaimed a little maid,
In feeble tones, "to laugh and sneer
At children when they prayed.
But, now that in the darkness I
Must go a long, long way,
I think there'll be an angel nigh
To guide me if I pray!"

"Dear father, if you answer 'No,'
I will not disobey;
But, oh! I wish, before I go,
One little prayer to say.
The answer, fraught with wild despair,
Was given—to lifeless clay:
And he who long had scoffed at prayer
In anguish knelt to pray!"

ONLY ONE.

We called on our old acquaintance, Bunkum, the other day, and, unable to resist the temptation of showing off, he called in a half-starved boy he calls his man-of-all-work, and inquired, "Ah, have you fed the goats, John?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Shut them up in the shed?" "Yes, sir." "Did you count them to see they were all right?" "Yes, sir." The boy was going away when we inquired, "How many goats have you?" And before Bunkum could interpose, the boy answered for him, "One, sir."

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is the letter D like eight hours?—Because it's one-third of the Day.

WHY is Tootsie an indolent creature?—Because she's a lover of He's.

A PLACE where the "Orders of the Day" take precedence—Algiers.

REAL VALUE THIS WEATHER—A Ham Yard penny dinner.

A NOTABLE Member of the Demme-Monde—Mr. Mantilini.

THE AGE OF BEAUTY—Any age between seventeen and twenty-one. Never anything higher.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

A CRACKER.

(BY A REAL LIVE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.)

June 12th (continued).—Slowly, with tantalizing sluggish motion still it gradually crept towards us. Oh! with what



"I have it!"

eagerness and impatience did we await its arrival. Our situation was desperate. Nature could not hold out much longer. Within reach of our boat-hook! Almost—not quite. At last! "I've got it!" I cried. "Ha, ha! I have it!" as I dragged the welcome hamper alongside. We dived our hands into the saturated mass. The vicar tore the sodden label from an oblong box which he abstracted. Our hopes then sank like round shots in the deep, and our hearts sickened well nigh unto death as we deciphered, in mid-ocean, this mystic question, "Good morning! have you used—?" And this was the box which we met with in mid-ocean. Oh, cruel! twice cruel and bitter mockery! Diving still deeper into the case, we dislodged another and a larger packet. We tore it frantically open. Again we read, as under:—"Late suppers, and the indulgence of rich and highly seasoned food, all combine to leave the system in a debilitated condition, and the stomach in a state bordering on indigestion. Jorgason's pills soothe the digestive organs. Their result is immediate!" We had captured a case of medicines and soap. Oh, mockery still more aggravating and exquisite! Alas! we required nothing to bring back the keen edge of our devouring appetites. *Hara avis in terris nigroque similibus cygno.*

June 13th.—We are evidently not far distant from the Island of Ascension, for this morning there passed over our heads a flight of Trouser birds (*avis pantaloonis*); and, later, these were followed by twenty-six alphabetical penguins (*penguinia mirabilis*). These interesting and clever creatures are indigenous to Ascension,



Oh, cruel!

and seldom wander from their island home for any very great length of time, excepting during the hatching season. A few notes as to the habits and acquirements of these unique bipeds may be acceptable here; for even our savants in ornithology know little of these feathered curiosities. Buffon does not even mention them. I had an opportunity of inspecting their colonies not many years since. The trouser bird claims our attention first. His village is laid out with mathematical precision; the nests, or rather miniature huts being equidistant the one from the other. In the very centre of "Piccadilly Circus" of the town is a building which will at once attract the intelligent eye of the traveller as being considerably higher than the birds' homes. What is it? Why, this is the store house for the bagging stuff, of which they manufacture their inexpressibles. A month before the commencement of the cold season, these wonderful tailors may be seen repairing the old and fashioning their new leggings. Nature has fitted them with a scissor-and-needle beak combined, and government provides them with bread bags for material. The rapidity with which these creatures work is simply marvellous, and many a seamstress might learn a lesson from them. To pass through the village on a "trying on" day, when the youngsters don the breeches for the first time, is most amusing. The cock bird is easily distinguishable from the hen by his size, his jaunty, cock-of-the-walk air, and martial stalk, and, moreover, he is fitted with spurs. The female lays from three to six eggs, the colour of a dirty bread bag. When full grown, the T. B. is about the size of the lesser buzzard. I have omitted to mention that there is a storekeeper, who bales out the stuff as it is demanded. No, I did not say that a Dr. and Cr. account is kept neither did I say that the villagers indulge in braces. There is a limit, and I will not overstep it. Truth is stranger than fiction any day; let us stick to it. The alphabetical penguin outstrips in intelligence his confrere the T. B. I had heard and read much of the birds of Ascension—the boobies, the boat-swains, and the man-of-war birds. I had, in my travels, met with mandrakes, martinet dogs and peccadilloes, and had marked their singular instincts (I had a tiny peccadillo I used to carry about with me in my waistcoat pocket), but I was not prepared for the sagacity and the teaching of the Alphabetical Penguin—I say I

THE TROUSER BIRD.
(AVIS PANTALONIS)
FROM
BUFFOONS
UNNATURAL
HISTORY.



Feathered curiosities.

was taken aback with wonderment. The area of the base of the island is only thirty eight square miles, the circumference say twenty-two miles, but it contains long stretches of sandy beach.

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 188.—MR. SYDNEY ALPORT, F.O.S.

"It is with great pleasure that we, this week, introduce to our readers the features of one of the most popular Acting Managers of the present day—we allude to Sydney Alport, of the Vaudeville Theatre. It is, perhaps, not generally known that Sydney has met with several very remarkable adventures during his eventful career. At one time head footman to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, our hero made sad havoc in the hearts of the ladies by a display of beautiful calf which even the great Hercules might have envied, but, owing to a jealous feeling among his fellow male servants, who had to resort to pad to obtain that roundness of calf which even the most modest female secretly admires, our hero was compelled to quit the Royal service. Sydney, being disgusted with England and all that pertained thereto, then migrated to China, where he offered his services as Adviser-in-Chief to the pig-tailed Emperor. His Majesty at once replied, declining the proposal, but offering him the office of Ratcatcher-in-Chief to the Chinese nation. Sydney took umbrage at this, and challenged the Emperor to a duel, which was answered by the latter in person, with a squadron of cavalry at his back. The gallant Alport, then seeing that extreme measures were unnecessary, made a bolt for it, and with the aid of several disguises, escaped to London, where he at once attached himself to Thomas Thorne, in whose service he has been ever since. Chiefly because he is the essence of courtesy, our hero was created F.O.S. and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him June 11th, 1887."—*Debut Improved.*



Result of a glass of beer at the side wing. The wicked villain swallows half his moustache just as he receives his cue to "go on."



"Champagne and ices aren't in it, Clara; I do like a good pull of beer during a rest."



"What yer hanging on the lamp-post for?" "Dunnosh; can't walk." "Well, why don't yer be like me and bring a pair of crutches (sic) out with you when you're going on the loose?"

QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.



Jones. Here's a case of a young French lad of fourteen committing suicide because he could not learn English. Mrs. Chubby. Laws! what ignorance. Why, my Tommy can speak English quite well, and he is only ten.



Visitor. But I saw your lady peeping behind the curtains! Sloper. Can't help it; the missis says to me, "Susan, if people call, I am 'out.' I don't want to be pestered by anybody to-day."



Master. Here, you young rascal! If that mare's condition don't improve, you'll get the sack. Man. Me get the sack, zer! better give it to the 'oss.

A HARD CASE; OR, LOYALTY ITS OWN REWARD.



(1). If there was one thing more than another which Bounder prided himself on, it was his devoted loyalty, as he cheerfully "planked down a bob" to enter the Guelph Show the other day. (2). His bosom swelled with pride as he looked at the pictures, etc. (3). Till at length his feelings overcame him. "Alas!" he cried. "To think that some of those celestial beings have actually departed this life like ordinary mortals!" and he burst into tears. (4). Whereupon he was gently but firmly conducted to the door by the unsympathetic "copper," who attributed his emotion to Scotch whisky. (5). He was no sooner in the street than, in an ecstasy

of loyal enthusiasm, he flung his arms around an ordinary tailor's dummy, mistaking it for some Royal personage or other. (6). And was promptly given in charge by its owner for attempted theft. (7). "Prisoner," said his worship, next morning, "the defence which you have had the audacity to set up aggravates your guilt tenfold. To think that you should have dared to mistake a tailor's! There, I give you twenty years' penal servitude, and think yourself lucky!" (8). "Blow me!" soliloquized poor Bounder, as he sat in his gloomy cell, "if ever I get out of this alive, I'll be hanged if I don't turn Jacobite!" and he ground his teeth.

A TESTIMONIAL.



A lady in reduced circumstances would be very glad of orders for knitted nose cosies as above. A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., writes:—"I have tried these cosies and can testify to their comfort." To be had in all colours.

WHAT HE HAS TO ANSWER FOR.



"All through Jack Frost; he froze up all the water pipes, so had to take it neat."



"Directly a few nights back, the naturally wishes to Pa says let him com



1. Fitzgibbon was a proud looked upon persons a few social scale as little better of the crossing-sweeper he treat